

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

Who hath an eye to find me?
Who hath a chin to bind me?
My haunts are earth's fair forests, fields and
sands.
I break the sunlight into dancing flakes,
And blur the pictured dreams of sleeping
lakes.
Hither and thither going where I please.
Men see not, but they hear me;
They love me, yet they fear me.
All nature breathes and moves at my com-
mand.
Sometimes I daily with a maiden's tresses,
Or bear faint odors from far wildernesses.
Then strew with wreaths the desolated land.
Well may the seamen tremble
When I with smiles dissemble!
For never a spirit had such changing moods.
From waiting heavenward the white-
winged sails.
Under propitious skies, I seize my whips
And lash the tempests from their solitudes.
Who hath an eye to find me?
Who hath a chin to bind me?
The vagrant roamer of the homeless sky?
Before the honey mountains were, I lived;
For ages numbing through their pines
have grieved.
That I know of all things never shall die.
—J. P. Ritter, Jr., in *Belfour's Magazine*.

THE SOUDANESE SPY.

BY WILLIAM M. GILBERT.
"Listen, Bruce, what's that?" and Car-
rington raised his hand with a gesture of
silence and looked at me intently. Then
we both dropped our cigars and rushed
out to the door of the Embassy.
A gun-shot, plain and unmistakable,
had echoed through the night air, and
we certainly had heard a faint cry.
But in the dreary street all was quiet,
and the solitary electric lamp reflected no
shadows save our own on the pavement
of the British Embassy, while the palace
across the way, with its coral facades and
massive carved gates, showed no signs of
life.
Then a gun went off, a drum began to
rattle loudly, arms clashed, hurrying foot-
steps echoed on the stones, and shouts
were heard and answered. I listened in
speechless astonishment, and then rushed
back for my cap and sword. It was best
to be prepared, though what possible
ground for alarm existed I could not see.
Sunk in a state of confusion, I followed the
crowd, no signal had come from the out-
skirts, yet here was this turmoil in the
very midst of the European quarter.
As I hurried back to the door the great
palace gates swung open and a squad of
Egyptian soldiers trooped out, their
swarthy faces shining under their crimson
caps. Close behind them, escorted by
several officers, came a tall, dandified
looking man. He was hunched over and
held an unsheathed sword in his hand.
I recognized him at first sight as Ach-
med Bey, the Egyptian Governor of Su-
dair.

Messrs. Surface and White are
making new the greater part of the
Central Hotel. The present im-
provement will give 30 new rooms.
Next season, perhaps, they will
raise the front another story.

The Wartburg Seminary, at Gra-
ham, Prof. J. B. Greever, principal,
will begin its next session October
7. The elegant, commodious build-
ings are among the best in the
county for such an institution.

Mr. Rees T. Bowen, Jr., who has
the subscription list of the CLINCY
VALLEY NEWS, asks to have set-
tlements made promptly as possi-
ble, that he may get through the
work before time to enter school.

Mrs. Rees T. Bowen, who was
called to Wythe county by the ill-
ness of her mother, Mrs. Crockett
who died a few days after her ar-
rival, returned last evening. She
was accompanied back by Mr. Sam
Oglesby, of Wythe.

On Tuesday next, County Court
day, the Ladies Aid Society, Pres-
byterian church, will serve dinner
in the new Simmerman building.
The ladies ask their friends and the
public to patronize them in this
undertaking for the benefit of the
church building fund.

Miss Lilian Ware, who has been
visiting Miss Annie Peery, left last
week for Abingdon, where she will
reside.

Not a stone or bush or a mound of
sand escaped scrutiny. The men were
widely scattered, clinging far to the north
and to the south and drawing steadily
nearer to the enemy's lines.

I galloped straight across the plain,
closely attended by a solitary trooper,
a brave fellow named Tom Fraser. I kept
as far as possible in the direction I judged
the fugitive had taken and I hoped to
have the pleasure of capturing my self-
sought, for the tramping of my horse was
muffled by the drifted sand and would
not betray my approach until I should be
close upon him.

A mile and a half from the town lay a
belt of deserted intrenchments from
which the enemy had been driven a month
or so previous. As we approached these
we slackened our speed and began to look
for a suitable crossing place. The British
shells had leveled them in places, and
one of these points we soon found, a
break in the trench with a gentle slope
on either side. We rode slowly down
into the hollow, and as our horses were
commencing to ascend again Fraser sud-
denly tugged fiercely at my arm.

"Look, Captain, look!" he whispered
excitedly, and as I followed the range of
his outstretched hand I saw a sight that
made my heart leap. Off to the south ex-
tended the trenches in one unbroken for-
mation, their mounds of sand broken and
exact, and outlined sharply in the moon-
light against the right hand wall of earth
was a swiftly moving shadow. Even as
we looked the specter vanished around a
curve and we saw it no more.

We pulled our horses' heads round and
dashed down the trench side by side, for
it was fully wide enough for three horse-
men to ride abreast.

We thundered on in silence. I clutched
the reins tightly with one hand and with
the other I held my saber. The Arab
was unarmed and I would take him alive,

I thought, and lead him back in triumph
to Suakin. This all passed through my
mind in an instant and then we galloped
round the curve and saw our prey in
full view before us. He was struggling
along painfully and limping as though
one leg was hurt. The moon shone full
upon him, and to my surprise I saw
that he carried a great shield and one of
those enormous double-edged swords
which these Arabs use with such terrible
effect. He had doubtless found them in
the trench.

We called on him to surrender, but he
never even turned until as we were close
upon him he suddenly whirled around
in desperation and confronted us moun-
tainingly. We drew our sabers and dashed
upon him.

Just here, extending full across the
trench, was a rugged depression, caused
probably by an exploding shell.

This we failed to see, and while
Fraser's horse leaped it gallantly, my
animal stumbled and fell, and down I
went, partly beneath him.
I tried to rise, but my ankle was badly
sprained, and, with a cry of pain, I
dropped down behind the horse. Then I
forgot every thing in what I saw going on
before me. The Arab had retreated
against the wall and was fiercely keeping
Fraser at bay. Their swords clashed
until the sparks flew, and Fraser's heavy
strokes were intercepted by the Arab's
leathern shield.

They fought on in silence and in the
moonlight I saw the Arab's face, the eyes
sparkling with hatred and the white teeth
clenched in deadly determination. Clashed
after clash rang on the night air. Sud-
denly Fraser bowed on his horse and dealt
a fearful blow at the Arab's ex-
posed head, but quick as a flash the Arab
dove forward up, and the short saber striking
full and forcibly against the awful
edge, broke off close beside the lift and
lay shining on the sand at their feet.
What followed I can never forget. It
will haunt me to my dying day.

Fraser threw up his right hand, with
the broken hilt, and with the left reached
for his revolver, and then, as I looked
on, stupid with horror, the Arab raised
his great sword aloft with both hands,
and with all the force of his desperate
strength he hurled it forward like a
catapult.

The gleaming blade flashed the moon-
light from its edge and crashed with an
awful sound through poor Fraser's head,
cleaving its way through the skull and
between the shoulders, and on down
through the back until its point fairly
touched the rear of the saddle.

Split in twain from head to waist the
poor fellow dropped to the ground with
out a cry, and his plunging sword tramp-
led over the body and then galloped in
mad fright down the trench.

Wholly engrossed in this awful scene,
I forgot my own peril, and only realized
it fully when the Arab, bracing himself
against the wall of the trench, began to
drag his sword out of Fraser's body.
With a shudder I reached for my pistol,
and grew faint for an instant when I re-
membered that it lay under the horse in
the holster. I was wholly at the Arab's
mercy. The wretch was still tugging at
the sword, and seemed unable to loosen
it. It only had my pistol how nicely I
could bring him down.

All at once I saw something glitter in
one of Fraser's outstretched hands, and
the sight of it gave me a thrill of hope.
It was his revolver, which he had suc-
ceeded in grasping just before the blow
fell.

If I could reach it before the Arab
could extricate his sword, I was saved. I
gripped the handle and heaved me. I
gritted my teeth, seized my saber firmly
and rose erect. The Arab saw me and,
with a savage imprecation to Allah he
threw himself on the sword with a terri-
ble effort. Still it clung to Fraser's body,
and then, as I leaped toward him, forget-
ful of my sprained ankle, and flourished
my sword fiercely, he grabbed his shield
and fell back a few yards, keeping on the
defensive. I uttered a loud shout to in-
timidate him, and then bent over poor
Fraser. He still held the pistol, but his
grip was like iron. I gave a strong pull
and then another, and just as his stiffened
fingers loosened their clasp my injured
ankle asserted itself and I fell heavily to
one side. The wily Arab was watching
his chance and before I could even turn
he leaped on me like a tiger and we rolled
over in the sand splashing through a pool
of Fraser's crimson life-blood.

The Arab had clutched at my throat,
but missed it and clashing each other's
shoulders we floundered about the trench,
now one uppermost and now the other.
With clenched teeth, and struggling for
breath we fought on desperately, knowing
that one or the other must die. I could
feel the Arab's hot breath upon my neck
and his huge brass carapace flapping
against my cheeks. I still held the pistol
tightly in my left hand. If I could only
get a chance to use it! Very foolishly I
relaxed my grasp a brief second and in
that lightning-like interval the Arab
seized the advantage and fastened both
his brawny hands firmly on my throat.

In vain I struggled and strove to turn,
the bony fingers were pressing my wind-
pipe and the hideous face was glaring
into mine with a mocking smile.
I was choking, suffocating—all sense
was leaving me.

Must I die thus? It was horrible.
With a fearful effort, the strength that
madness alone can give, I twisted the
Arab sideways. My left arm was free.
My hand still clutched the pistol. I
raised it with a jerk. I put the muzzle
to his ear, with the last atom of strength
I pulled the trigger, and as the stunning
report echoed through the trench with
thundering reverberations everything grew
black and dim.

Attracted by the pistol-shot, they
found us there half an hour later, still
locked in a close embrace. My uniform
was spattered with the Arab's blood.
Messengers were sent to Suakin for
stretchers, and while waiting the body of
my desperate foe was buried
where he lay in the trench, and
beside him was laid my horse, whose
neck had been broken in the fall.
We marched mournfully back to Suakin,
and the next day poor Fraser was laid to
rest in the English cemetery on the shores
of the Red Sea. I've been in many a skir-
mish with the Arabs since, but that night
in the trenches outside Suakin was the
closest call I ever had, and as a living re-
membrance I have kept that great two-
edged sword which split Tom Fraser
nearly in half before my very eyes.—
Chicago Times.

Forty-five years ago the farmers of Illi-
nois used their watermelons for making
molasses. The juice was boiled down in
open kettles out of doors, and though the
flavor was not equal to the best "honey
syrup" it was sweet, and the user knew
what was in it.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Wall of a Fugitive Empire—In Great
Luck—A Financial Wreck—
The Dear Departed—
Etc., Etc.

An Equilibrium set on a plank of ice
In the land of the northern pole;
He cracked his heels and he whistled twice
At a sight that charmed his soul.

For a stranger came o'er the fields of snow
At a speed that was fearful quick;
His cheeks were pallid and thin with woo,
And the frost on his beard was white.

"Oh, prince, pause," cried the Equilibrium;
"From whence dost thou come so fast?"
"I come from land where my fingers below
This realm with its snow and blast."

"I come from a land in the far off south,
And I've traveled two thousand miles
Since last the sun shone a burning month
Turned back on the earth his smiles."

"I've elaborated the mountain on raging
streams
Full of ice have heaved and tossed;
I'm a game for two hundred teams—
Alas! And the horse is lost!"
—*Nebraska State Journal*.

IN GREAT LUCK.

La Dylke—"What made you buy so
many suits of clothes?"
De Dylke—"In great luck, my
boy."

La Dylke—"Well help to a fortune!"
De Dylke—"No. Found a tailor who
trusts me."

A FINANCIAL WRECK.

Beggar—"Please, please help a poor
cripple!"
Passer-by (giving him money)—"Poor
fellow! Where are you crippled?"
Beggar (pocketing the money)—"In
my finances, sir!"—*The Warop*.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

Towne—"That's too bad about Ding-
ley, isn't it?"
Brown—"How? What's that?"
Towne—"Joined the silent majority."

Brown—"What dead?"
Towne—"No, married!"—*Time*.

COULDN'T TAKE AN IMPORTANT PART.

Professor of History—"Mr. Crumple,
if Napoleon was alive to-day, what part
in the game of life do you think he would
prefer to play?"
Student—"I'm sure I don't know, sir.
But he wouldn't be tall enough to play
first base!"—*Time*.

NOT A BIT "STOCK IT."

Bonnie Platters, Esq.—"I suppose you
don't speak to the common herd any more,
Miss Lucklight?"
Miss Lucklight (who has just realized
largely)—"Why, certainly, Mr. Platters,
how do you do?"—*Life*.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS WITH THE BOYS.

"Robinson Street!" called out the
street car conductor.
"I'll take (hic) whisky, Robinson!"
exclaimed a man who had been half
asleep in the corner, and the whole car
smiled.—*Money's Weekly*.

THE USUAL CONDITIONS.

Mamma—"Bobby, I notice that your
little sister took the smaller apple. Did
you let her have her choice, as I told you
to?"
Bobby—"Yes, I told her she could
have the little one or none, and she chose
the little one."—*Omaha World*.

SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIANS.

Doctor's Wife—"I understand that Dr.
Curran confines himself strictly to office
practice."
Old Doctor—"Yes; that is why he
succeeds. People who are able to walk
to an office are generally strong enough
to get well without help."—*New York
Weekly*.

RETURNED WITHOUT STRIKES.

Baseball Maiden—"Yes, Mr. Joblots,
all is over between us. Here is the ring."
Mr. Joblots—"I am to understand that,
Mabel, that our engagement is at an end."
Baseball Maiden—"Exactly. I give
you your release and expect to sign a new
contract in the latter part of the week."
—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A HARMONY OF ALTITUDES.

Yankeehead (to Parisian jeweler)—
"What is that scarf pin worth?"
Parisian Jeweler—"Five thousand
francs."
Yankeehead—"Jewellikens! And
I've been writing home to my friends that
the highest thing in the world is the
Eiffel Tower!"—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

RIVAL CITIES.

Chicago Lawyer—"And, gentlemen of
the jury, remember you can't take this
poor man's life without reducing the
population of our mighty metropolis, an
act of which I am sure such patriotic citi-
zens as yourself will never be guilty while
Brooklyn puts in her absurd claims of be-
ing the second great city in the country."
—*Epoch*.

IT WOULD MAKE HIM HAPPY.

Stranger—"I suppose you have greatly
reformed since you entered this prison?"
Convict—"Oh yes, I'm a changed man
now."

Stranger—"Are you contented here?"
Convict—"Yes, pretty well contented,
but you don't know what a gratification
it would be to me to break a safe now and
then."—*Epoch*.

THE USUAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Omaha Youth—"I've called for my
new suit."
Avenge Tailor—"Sorry, but it is not
finished."

Omaha Youth—"Why, you said you
would have it done if you worked all
night."

Average Tailor—"Yes, but I didn't
work all night."—*Omaha World*.

A SURE THING.

"Have you any particular object in
looking around here?" asked the contrac-
tor of a new building of an idler who
was in the way.

"Well, sir, was the prompt reply.
"Yes, what is it?"
"I want to dodge my creditors, and
they will never think of looking for me
where there is any work going on."
—*Detroit Free Press*.

UNANIMOUSLY REJECTED.

"I shall not marry Miss Cransus, ad-
vise," announced young Bjenkins, after
"Her family seems to oppose the match
too much."

"Hang the family!" exclaimed a sym-
pathizing friend. "Go in and win
Bjenkins, just the same. What do you
care for the family's opinion, so long as
the girl is willing?"
"That's just it," exclaimed Bjenkins,
still more sadly. "Miss Cransus seems to
agree with them."—*Savannah Journal*.

A ROOMING TOWN.

First Boomer—"You fellows have no
git up about you at all. Why don't you
have photographs of your town taken,
like we did! Are you ashamed of it?"
Rival Boomer—"Naw, that ain't the
reason at all. I want you to understand,
young fellow, that our town don't stand
still long enough to be photographed."
—*Terre Haute Express*.

KNOW THE SYMPTOMS.

Wife—"Cyrus, I am sure young Spoon-
more is becoming serious in his atten-
tion to our Susie."
Husband—"Nonsense! What makes
you think so?"
"He wears a new necktie every time
he comes."

"Do you think Susie cares anything
for him?"
"I know she does. She hasn't eaten
an onion this spring."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Bonnie Steerer (to farmer)—"Isn't this
Mr. Sanderson, of Grayneck Corners?"
Farmer—"That's me."
Bonnie Steerer—"My name is Jim
Sharper, son of old man Sharper, the
banker in your town."

Farmer—"Your looks don't show it;
but, by gosh, Jim, I'm glad to see you!
I dropped into Wall street to-day, and
you've got to help me get back to the
Corners or I'll have to walk."—*Harper's
Weekly*.

SPENDING THE SUMMER.

Mr. Blinker—"What are you going to
do with yourself this summer?"
Mr. Winker—"I'm going to stay at a
watering place."

Mr. Blinker—"At a watering place!
Why, Dick, I thought you told me you
hadn't money enough to buy bait for a
cat 'rap last week after you settled with
your creditors!"

Mr. Winker—"That's just the reason I
accepted a clerkship under the Croton
water board."—*Town Topics*.

PRECOCEPT.

The child was playing with the scis-
sors, and his kindly old grandmother
chided him.
"You wasn't play with the scissors,
child. I knew a little boy just like you
who was playing with a pair of scissors
just like that pair, and he put them in
his eye, and he put his eye out, and he
never could see anything ever after."

The child listened patiently and said
when she got through:
"What was the matter with his other
eye?"—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

CHRONIC AND ACUTE MALADIES.

"Major Stofah, who loves to talk a
little himself, ran across a friend the
other evening, who was just full enough
to be disagreeably voluble. The Major
stood it as long as he could.
"Here, Colonel," he said at last, "let
upon that talking. You are making a
body show of yourself."
The Colonel looked at the Major re-
proachfully for a full minute.
"I know—know it, he muttered, thick-
ly. "I—I know it, Major. Don't you
see it's because I—I'm drunk, and
I'll get over it; but you, Major, you are
stuck for a life."—*Washington Critic*.

NODODY SHOULD SUSPECT HIM.

One of the self-conscious bridegrooms
at the White House the other day, as he
came in with his bride, caught the know-
ing look which a little group near the
door exchanged with each other. As
soon as he found a comfortable sofa for
the bride he summoned with apparent
carelessness up to the little group, and,
addressing one of them, made some re-
mark about the moist morning.

"I was just reminding my wife," said
he, "that when we came here on our wed-
ding trip, eleven years ago, it was just
such a rainy morning."
"Eleven years ago?" said the gentle-
man addressed, in evident amazement;
"why, your wife does not look more than
twenty now."

And she was not. The bridegroom saw
the mistake, blushed furiously, and went
away to rejoin his wife. He had made
the error too many, and did not get over
looking sheepish so long as he was in the
building.—*Washington Post*.

The Humble German Soldier.

We saw recently a little squad dawd-
ling along in their uniforms through the
heat, the most ambitious, hot, weary or
lazy souls, dragging one foot after the
other as if a cannon ball were attached to
each, writes a Berlin correspondent.
"Poor fellows," we thought, "how plainly
every line about them tells the oppression
and misery of the whole brutal system!"
When all at once, to our amazement, they
stiffened up like ramrods, flung one leg
out in front at an angle of forty-five de-
grees with force enough to kick down a
rampart, and then brought the heel of
the ironclad member down upon the
pavement like a blacksmith's hammer,
the sparks flying in all directions. We
looked on in amazement, wondering what
had happened to them, when in the dis-
tance appeared a diminutive corporal,
the occasion of the whole excitement.

The same awe of the soldier's superior
through the entire German army. A com-
mon soldier having his boots blacked
will instantly stand aside, before the
operation is completed, as a corporal
steps up. He in turn gives place to an
officer, and in a few minutes three of
these accommodating individuals are
standing in a row, bolt upright, with
their trousers turned up, and each one
with a boot blacked. When the fourth
has been served he passes along with
dignity, and each of the other three takes
his turn in regular order until the com-
mon soldier is finally reached.

Cure for Corns.

One of the deadliest enemies of the
chiroprapist is a short and simple recipe
which soon brings relief and immunity
from the exasperating agony which is too
sadly familiar. Take equal parts of car-
bolic acid and glycerine and paint the
corn every night with a camel's hair
brush, first bathing and carefully drying
the foot. This treatment, if patiently
continued, is a certain remedy. It also gives
great relief from soreness caused by ex-
cessive walking if the mixture is applied
to the soles of the feet.—*Commercial Ad-
vertiser*.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

STYLISH SHOES IN STYLE.

In the battle of the boots the French
seems to be losing its grip, and the com-
mon-sense shoe now vaunteth itself. The
heels have come down and the
soles have spread out. Observation on
Broadway on a windy day will display
two common-sense shoes to one French
heel, whereas a medium style or com-
promise between the two extremes adorns
the feet of the great majority. On Fifth
avenue, and from Thirty-third street to
Fiftieth, where the daughters of wealth
and luxury must appear, the extreme
type of common-sense shoe "takes the
sidewalk" by a large majority.—*Shoe
and Leather Trade*.

SENTIMENT AND PRACTICE.

J. Randolph Tucker, in a few remarks
addressed to the young ladies of the
North, told them that it was not the
dore of the light fantastic toe that
they should smile upon, but the man who
could work the best with his head and
love the best with his heart, and the
girls applauded vociferously. Half an
hour afterward nearly every girl in the
lot was whispering about the floor with one
of those self-same duds, and the young
man with a great head and a com-
modious heart was leaning against the
wall, bewailing at the back because he
couldn't dance. Such is life in large
cities. And still Mr. Tucker isn't al-
together wrong.—*Washington Critic*.

CROWNLESS BONNETS.

The majority of women rejoice in that
it is a bonnet season, and that there are
few occasions when either the shapely
little bonnet or the becoming big hat is
not permissible. Leading among the va-
garies in millinery is a bonnet absolutely
crownless. What extremists we are, to
be sure. One day we defy the criticisms
of the masculine punster, who likens the
crown of our favorite bonnet to the
Tower of London, and the next day, as
it were, we wax enthusiastic over a "cre-
ation" that has no crown at all, but is
literally nothing more nor less than a
wreath of fine flowers, daisies, or
forget-me-nots, encircling the head, and
over which the rolls and twists of shin-
ing hair are distinctly visible. More real
millinery triumphs are shown in finely
woven straw and chips, and in Nepoli-
tan and Milan braids, and the shapeliest
in favor include the demure Albanian
net, the French capote and the toque, while
the hats strikes variations on the Direc-
toire and Gainsborough shapes.—*Star-
Herald*.

WOMEN AS BEE KEEPERS.

I wish for the benefit of many women
who are desirous of supporting them-
selves, or adding in the support of their
families, to cite them to an employment
by the aid of which many women make
money, and do it independently and easily.
In this avocation I know women who have
regained lost health, and at the same time
made money in abundance. Indeed, I
know women who make as much as fit-
teen hundred dollars per annum, and do
no work during the winter, in what I
conceive to be the most ennobling, profit-
able and pleasant of all businesses—that
of keeping bees—scientifically. And
what more pleasant place is there than a
well kept apiary where the hum of the
ever industrious workers make music in
their flight, and where vines and flowers
lend an enchantment to the scene?

Every lady who has a rod of ground
should have an apiary, and more espe-
cially those who live in the suburbs of
cities, in villages and in the country,
where blooming flowers constantly exude
their sweetness which would be otherwise
lost except for the industry of these poets.
What is more fascinating than producing
comb honey in all its purity and white-
ness in one pound sections for home use
or sale at home or abroad, or in rearing
Italian queens for the market where there
is a constant demand at prices ranging
from \$2 to \$5 each?

A colony of bees will give twenty-five
queen cells weekly, which can be hatched
in little hives having frames 4x5 inches.
A queen will lay two thousand eggs daily,
from each of which a queen can be reared
in twenty-one days, and if we have
enough little hives we can rear hundreds
of queens. As is said in Root's standard
work on bees: "One hundred of these
little hives will give us ten laying queens
each day," from April to September. In
honey one thousand pounds per colony
has been reached.

What business is more beautiful than
this which has been truthfully said is
"the poetry of labor!" Ladies who will
start with Italian bees and in a proper
manner will reap success, and to all who
wish to embark in this and will write me
enclosing a stamp for reply, I will cheer-
fully give full particulars. Or, if desired,
and the editor wishes it, I will answer in
a general way through the *Sunny South*.

CONSTANTINOPLE'S VILED WOMEN.

The women of the higher classes of
Constantinople society may be seen in
the fall at the Sweet Waters of Asia